



An Ideal Woman Ruler

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Famous Author Pays Tribute to Late Queen of England—Victoria Possessed the Genius of a Great Heart—Her Wonderful Mentality—Her Sympathy for Those in Distress—Charles Dickens Paints Her Loveliness at Eighteen—Her Unconscious Appeal to English Chivalry—Her Home Happy and Her Children Loved.

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(Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, now Mrs. Stephen Townsend, is too well known to require any word of introduction. An English woman by birth and present residence, though her fame was made during the many years that she resided in the United States, her admiration for the late queen of England as shown in the following article, comes from her heart. The author of "The Little Lord Fauntleroy," "A Lady of Quality," "The Making of a Marchioness," and "The Making of a Marchioness," writes of the great queen with her usual literary charm.)

In all the countries of the civilized world there prevailed a spirit of sympathetic sadness. Over every city, town and hamlet in England, Scotland and Wales there hung a cloud. In great, rich, ancient London people walked the streets with grave faces. Festivities were postponed, social plans were altered. In the old churches prayers were offered. One closing anthem was played with sorrowful softness which made it a prayer in itself and those who heard passed out into the air with tears. This because one woman—one aged woman—lay dying.

It was 64 years after a night on which a girl—a mere child creature in her teens—was awakened from her sleep to be told that she was the queen of England. There is a popular picture of the incident, in which she stands, touchingly young and grave, holding out a hand that an old man who kneels before her may kiss it in doing homage to his sovereign.

Her sense of the responsibility of her position was a thing like genius. In all things touching it she was always grave, always sagacious and beautifully earnest. A young girl—even a young woman—might have been forgiven many things for which the nation this young creature was born to rule was never called upon to forgive her.

One very interesting feature of her life was that people made no habit of speaking of her as a brilliant woman. It has been said that she was good, it has been accepted that she was intelligent, but comparatively little stress has been laid upon her brain power. Yet there has been no other queen in the history of the world whose reign was so marked by forward movement and who herself so moved with her time and so strongly influenced it. She had a genius for rectitude, a genius of the conscience, and, it may be added, the genius of a great heart. But she possessed also a foresight that was extraordinary. One truth is surely fixed—that in the future no record of statecraft, politics or social ethics can point to an act of Victoria of England which was either unjust, ignoble or careless. To each thing she did she brought all that the gods gave her of the reasoning of both heart and brain. All her use of power tended to the development of public good, to the aiding of humane ends, to the broadening of the ways for the intelligent, the striving and the sane in ambition.

The time has gone by when for a woman to be virtuous was all that was demanded of her. This time passed in Victoria's day. Its passing was the inevitable result of the development of the race and of the increase of its mental desires—but it would not have passed with such ease and rapidity in England if the woman who sat upon the throne had been merely a collection of moralities, however excellent and necessary to social safety. England—conservative, obstinate, pugnaciously self-centered

—is a singularly large portion of the world. Its self-optimism is sufficiently powerful to be far-reaching. The bearing and methods of its ruler are of significance and weight. The great Victorian era was marked by the advance of all things intellectual—by the elevation and fostering of the arts, by the adoption and encouragement of inventions—by the intelligent consideration of ethics. This woman of the nineteenth century, who was born to wield a scepter, was a student—a reader of great works and small, a learner of languages, a connoisseur of pictures, a musician, a creature full of interest in every man's—and every woman's—work whether it was imaginative or technical. She regarded no thing lightly. Her conscience, her wonderful mentality, her faithful kindness, gave time and thought to all.

What one is chiefly struck by as one looks back over long years is the naturalness, the normal processes with which her power grew. Her influence was cumulative. As a child of 13—a pretty creature with roses in the bloom of her quaint bonnet—she and her touching youth were chivalrously adored. There is a charming letter of Charles Dickens, written in his early manhood, in which he playfully describes his hopeless passion for a beautiful young lady he has seen walking in a garden. In his own inimitable way he paints her loveliness and its effect upon his susceptible temperament, his delight in her and his frantic despair at the hopelessness of his flame. He ends by the confession that the incomparable she is the young queen of England, whom he has beheld as she walked in the garden of her palace. It can easily be imagined that many of her young male subjects in secret swore fealty to her, and it may be that some of them proved their faith on Crimean and Indian battlefields when they were of riper years.

She began by pleasing Englishmen from the first, by an unconscious appeal to their chivalry and the best qualities of the sturdy insular nature. She took an honest young consort and gave her people strong boys and rosy girls to be their princes and princesses. Her subjects knew that her home was happy and her children loved. She hedged her throne with no divinity, but lived before her people's eyes healthful and normal, kindly and in frank confidence in her country's affection. As the years passed the evidences of her care for those she ruled over were countless. When she lay dying at Osborne one wondered that in one woman's life there could have been time for the innumerable acts of feeling kindness alone which can be recorded of her. No calamity by land or sea, by flame or disease, befell her people when her grief was not as their own.

It has been said that a collection of the letters of sympathy written by a man or a woman would be the best possible exponent of character and in some cases might form a monument to which no other could compare. A collection of the messages sent by Victoria of England to high and low, gentle and simple, in time of sorrow, would form not alone a record of deep feeling but of an executive ability which seemed to find time to think of all things. A woman of passionate tenderness, widowed in her early maturity, her heart turned to all women bereaved. A mother as full of noble ambition for her children as of intense love, her sympathy for young deers, her praise for young deeds of courage or honor sped fast to many a woman's broken or proud heart. "The queen has written," one read again and again in the morning papers after any catastrophe, victory or joy, and her words were always tender and uplifting things.

Her power and steadfastness in the matter of work were such as few men are marked by. Many knew of the hours spent at night in the labor of correspondence and the examination of papers. It is an old story, that of the prime minister who said that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen, so determined was this one to sign no document she had not thoroughly understood, reflected upon and approved.

But, with the brain and determination of a man, she was beyond all things a woman, and her passion for her people was that of a woman which is mentally in a degree maternal. How she loved them—her stubborn, stolid seeming, madly fighting, unconquerable English! Their courage stirred her very soul. During the last years of her life, we are told, their slaughter broke her heart. She lived so close to them that she bled with their wounds. If she had been a man born in the days when kings led their armies to battle what a soldier she would have made! The blood of warriors was in her veins. This soldierly quality in her, without doubt, had something to do with the fact that she—the most impersonal and untheatrical of women—inspired, as has no other woman who has lived, a curiously personal and dramatic devotion.

One was continually struck by the personal nature of the feeling shown where she was concerned. There were days when at this small, gray woman's feet the world lay as no world lay at Cleopatra's. What national anthem was ever sung as men have sung "God Save the Queen"? What toast was ever drunk with the impetuous fervor men have moved by when they drank "The Queen—God Bless Her"? On the day of her diamond jubilee, it has been said, when she came before the people—an aged woman supported by her son—the immensity of the emotion swaying the vast multitude in their thundering acclamations was such as made some of the strongest blench with awe. No pomp, no power, no magnificence, could have awakened such emotion if this one creature had been a shallow, cold or soul. It was the tribute of the world—not a mere nation—to one woman who had lived with a noble, upright courage and a great, unswerving heart.

It seems impossible to picture the nineteenth century without this woman. The far-reachingness of English influence is a great factor in the moving of the world. This it is impossible to deny—the ruling quality of the English nature—a certain uncontrollable desire to interfere, to claim, to persist, makes it so. In a century surging with great wars, with the birth and death throes of nations, wondrous through the working of those forces of nature seemed to submit themselves to man reeled by the impetus of the forward rushing movement of thought, it was well that there sat upon the throne of empire a gravely human creature, full of the nobility of the desire to aid, of reverence for all things great, for the godlike in the human mind, for the aspiring, for the heroic and beautiful. There was no great movement that she did not aid, no effort of art or science to which she did not hold out her hand.

When she passed away and men and women wept in the streets for her, many recurred to the last journey, which was a thing so characteristic of her in its resolution and spirit—the visit to her people in Ireland. Who is not glad that it was made? But who but that one woman would have made it? Was there premonition in her desire to let her sometime turbulent children see her face grown old which they had only seen when young? She had passed the limit of allotted years, her splendid strength had begun to fail at last. She was worn and tired, but she had the courage which had taken her fearless to France, after Fashoda, when even statesmen hesitated before the possible results of the rage of an excited populace.

When England heard that the queen herself had decided upon this visit to Ireland it seemed at first incredible. The disastrous deeds which are a blot upon a nation's record are not inspired by the people—are never the expression of the people's self. But the frenzied act of a fanatic may cause a world to weep. She was so old. The very fatigue and excitement were too much for her to be asked to bear. It seemed more than possible that she would be dissuaded. But she was not. The rumor grew. The queen's journey was being prepared for—Ireland awoke and cried to her in glad welcome across the sea.

The record of her visit is one of the marvels of her time. The hot-blooded, hot-hearted people went mad with kindly happiness at sight of her aged, majestic face. They will remember always that her last visit was made to Ireland, that she came before she died to show them that she loved them and believed that her love was returned.

She, lying calm in death, was wept for by millions of her people, was spoken of tenderly and with praise by a whole world. She was one woman of the nineteenth century. Women will look backward to her through ages to come. She loved deeply and with a faithful soul, she was tender, she was steadfast, she was clear of brain, judicial and strong. She was, too, a man's queen as well as a woman's. Her powers had no sex; yet it is well, indeed, for womanhood that such a ruler was a woman, that such a woman was a queen.

No Growing Pains.
An eminent specialist claims that there is no such thing as "growing pains." We have been taught that when a child has stinging pains in the limbs, shoulders, or other parts of the body it is an indication that the body is growing, and therefore most parents welcome the news of such suffering in children.

The physician referred to above claims that growing pains are muscular rheumatism, and should have immediate attention. Something is wrong, and steps should be taken at once to learn why the child's blood is not in perfect condition.—Health.

Don't Talk Too Much.
Don't be too ready with advice. If your opinion is really needed, it is sure to be asked for. People who force advice upon one have not sufficient tact to be "best" friends.

An Aged Cat.
There seems to be a great difference of opinion as to the age to which a cat may live. There is a record of one which lived to over 22 years, being hale and hearty to within a few months of its death. It was a male yellow tabby of a large size and very intelligent. When it came of age at 21 it was presented with a silver collar with a suitable inscription.

How to Keep Young.
All the facial massages, all the creams and lotions in the world will not enable a woman to keep young unless she keeps her heart young at the same time; for, as Dorothy Quigley says: "Thoughts pencil your face," and sweet, bright thoughts bring their reward in a sweet, bright expression.

PULLING TOGETHER

HOME MERCHANTS SHOULD PATRONIZE EACH OTHER.

KEEP DOLLAR GOING 'ROUND

Do Not Let It Escape by Unnecessarily Sending It to the City—Set an Example to Others.

The community that will pull together, that will work as one man for the general interests, will find an abundance of prosperity.

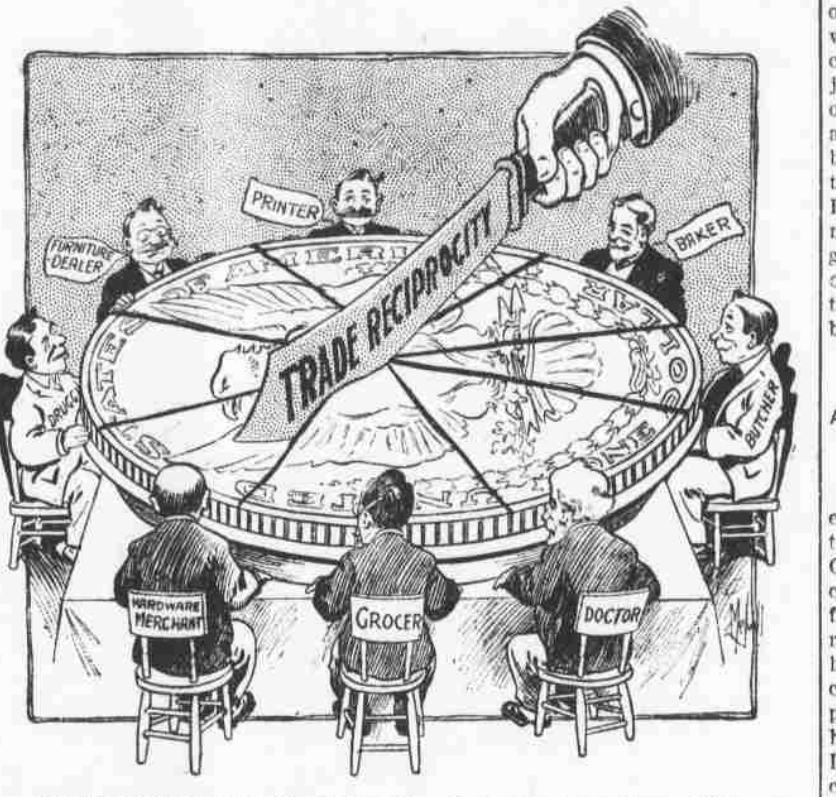
And working together means the spending of the dollars of the community within the community. Nor does it mean only that the farmer, the mechanic, the doctor, the preacher, the editor must spend their money at home, but it means also that the merchant must do the same thing. It means that you, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, must patronize your neighbor, Mr. Furniture Dealer when you want furniture. It means that you, Mr. Furniture Dealer, must patronize your neighbor, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, when you want dry goods. It means that the groceryman must patronize the home implement dealer when he wants a new wagon, and the implement dealer must buy his groceries in the home town. It means that whether Mr. Butcher, Mr. Grocer, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, Mr. Furniture Dealer, Mr. Hardware Man, or whoever it may be, that intends to erect a new building they should buy

house, or the groceryman sent it to the city for his dry goods? The trust organization of the community would have been broken, that dollar would have ceased to earn profits for the people of the community, but would have been earning dollars for the city into which it was sent.

It is the dollar that is spent at home that makes the savings deposits of the home bank grow; that increases the wealth of the community, and decreases the tax rate. Buying at home means saving the community, but, Mr. Merchant, do not preach this trade at home doctrine unless you practice it. You must buy your stock of merchandise in the city to be sure, but aside from that is spent for your stock of merchandise see to it that every dollar it is possible to keep at home remains in the community. Keep them circulating among your neighbors, and they will make money for you as well as for them; they will build the home community, and make of it a prosperous community in which your business will grow, and your town holdings will grow in value at the same time the farmer's acres grow in value. The home trade problem is a many-sided one, and the home merchant's side of the problem is not the least of them. WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

REASON FOR ALL THINGS.

Customs That Now Seem Peculiar Had Origin in Wisdom.
If you are patient enough to ferret it out you will find that there is a reason for every little idiosyncrasy we have, for every queer thing we do. Take, for example, the wearing of



The keen blade of trade reciprocity will divide the dollars of the community among the home people. Keeping the dollars at home will build saving accounts at the bank and make for general prosperity. Sending them to the city mail-order house will bring bankruptcy and ruin to all except the city.

the material for that building at home of their neighbor, Mr. Building Material Man.

And let us speak a word for Mr. Printer Man also. He is a part of this community; he contributes to its prosperity; he advertises it, and he is entitled to his place in the circle through which the community's dollars are to circulate. When you, Mr. Merchant, want printing of any kind, give the job to the home printer. The dollar that you spend with him he will again spend with you, and both will make a profit on it. It is but fair that he have this, his legitimate portion of the home trade. He is as much a part of the community as yourself, and as much entitled to your support as you are entitled to the support of the farmer, the mechanic, the preacher, the doctor.

The battle against the mail-order octopus can never be a successful one unless all interests are actively engaged in it. It can never be successful so long as the merchant waits to practice it himself. The merchant who sends his saving account to the city for safe keeping is not entitled to the support of the community whose money he takes from it. The merchant who will not patronize his brother merchants, who makes his visits to the city an excuse for buying his own household supplies, supplies that are not carried on his own shelves, of the city merchants, is not entitled to the support of the community. Such a merchant wants to preach but not practice home trade, and he wants to do with the community's dollars just what he condemns in others—send them away from the community. He would bankrupt the community for selfish interests.

There are few, if any, such merchants as this in this or other communities, but if there are any here it is not for their benefit that this paper is preaching home trade to its readers.

We hear much of the strength of trusts and combinations. In what does their strength lie? To a large extent in the fact that they control the trade in the commodities in which they are dealing. They make every dollar they spend an interest earning dollar. Let us form a little trust of our own. Let all of us, merchant, farmer, doctor, mechanic, preacher, editor, spend our dollars at home, keep them at home, and we have organized a trust of our own that will bring to each of us our share of earnings on the capital invested.

This is not a hard problem to figure out for ourselves. The farmer, let us say, wants a dollar's worth of sugar. He buys it of the home groceryman, and the groceryman makes a profit. The groceryman buys a dollar's worth of dry goods, and the dry goods merchant makes a profit. The dry goods merchant patronizes the lentil, and the dentist makes a profit, and the dentist buys butter and produce from the farmer and the farmer makes a profit. So as the dollar goes around and around a community each man into whose keeping it comes makes a profit on the handling of it, and the dollar grows into two. But what would have happened had the farmer taken that dollar to buy his groceries of the mail-order

widows' caps. Why do widows cover their heads with these curious little arrangements of maline, crepe and lace? It is a custom handed down to us from the Romans, who shaved their heads when they mourned the loss of a dear one. This idea was all right for men who did not mind appearing without a single spear of hair on their heads, but of course it was most unattractive for women. No one, not even a Roman matron, liked to be seen bald-headed, so the women of the Tiber devised a little cap to hide their baldness, and thus the custom has come down to us, even though heads are no longer shaved as a sign of mourning.

The reason that bells are tolled for the dead is that years ago, when tolling was first established, the people thought that the sound of the bells frightened away evil spirits who hovered near the dead.

Why do men, and women, too, wear bows on the left side of their hats? The reason is simple enough. When the head covering built upon the order of hats of today was first introduced it was ornamented with a ribbon which went around the crown and hung down in two ends on the left side, reaching below the shoulder. These ends were a sort of anchor, or safety line, and were put there expressly to be seized when a sudden gust of wind threatened to blow the hat away. The ribbons were put on the left side because, as a general thing, the left hand was more apt to be free than the right. Eventually these ribbons were knotted in a fetching bow with flowing ends, and then they were cut off quite close to the hat, so that they form a very small and stiff bow knot.

It is always the custom to throw old shoes after a bride and this queer custom came into vogue when parents were in the habit of using their slippers to keep their girls obedient and good. Now the slipper is not really intended for the bride, but for the bridegroom, who is supposed to use it for the same purpose the mother and father of olden times did.

"Will" Yourself to Sleep.
Fortunate is the woman who has successfully cultivated the habit of sleeping at will. It is said that Miss Julia Marlowe can rest between scenes of the most exciting plays by her ability to drop asleep when she pleases. These little periods of unconsciousness are great restorers, and there need be no special preparation for them. We associate sleep with darkness and bed, but daylight, soft couches and easy chairs are just as good for sleeping purposes—only the power of will-concentration is lacking, and that is so general as to be a serious drawback to good work in all directions. We see women of splendid health and poise, of strong mentality, and we marvel at their "gifts" when the whole secret of their power lies in concentration.

OF DISTINGUISHED ANCESTRY.

Mme. Lisa Lehman, the composer, is a granddaughter of the late Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, the originator and publisher of that standard work, "Chambers' Encyclopedia." Her father, Rudolph Lehman, was a well-known portrait painter.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

COUNTY SALARY LAW

For Ohio Will Be Contested—Recorder Refuses To Make Returns.

Dayton, O.—County Recorder Theobald has refused to make the quarterly returns of his office to County Auditor Kaufman, and a formal test of the county salary law will be made here. Theobald has requested that mandamus proceedings be brought against him by Attorney General Ellis to establish the validity of the law which affects the county recorders of Ohio. Negotiations are in progress with the attorney general with this procedure in view.

Theobald has retained former Congressman John A. McMahon to represent him in the contest. The salary ruling became effective January 1, and there has been considerable dissatisfaction in this county. The crucial point is the nonprovision for the reimbursement of the recorder when the receipts of his office are not sufficient to meet the necessary expenses.

HIS LITTLE ONES

Clung To Miller as He Was Led To Jail on a Serious Charge.

Coshocton, O.—With his little boy on one knee and his pretty little daughter on the other, Kelly Miller, accused of causing the death of Cora Bonell, was given a hearing in magistrate court, and bound over to the grand jury under \$2,500 bond. The little ones sobbingly clung to the defendant as he was taken to jail, unable to give bond. Miller is a young widower, ticket agent at the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad, and a prominent lodge man. Joseph Bonell accuses him of giving drugs to his daughter. The girl on her deathbed signed a statement that Miller was the cause of her trouble.

LANDED IN PRISON

After Paying Visits To Their Mother At Lima, O.

Lima, O.—Visits to their Ohio mother in this city have proven expensive to the Williams brothers, Newton and Orville. Three years ago the former came here for a week, and on advice from Kansas was caught in the act of receiving raised postal orders which he had sent on to himself. He was convicted, and is now in Leavenworth prison serving five years. Orville came here a week ago and was wanted at Iowa, Kan., for forgeries. He was caught at his mother's house, and will be returned. Both are Ohio sons.

DRIVEN INSANE

By the Temperance Law That Ruined His Business Is Mast.

Canton, O.—The case of John Mast, now confined in the city prison, is an unfortunate one. Mast was engaged in the wholesale beer business in Millersburg, but when that place went "dry" his business was ruined. He went to Frederickburg, but met with little success there and at Orrville. He grew despondent. Drink has shattered his entire system, until now he is a subject for the Massillon state hospital, where he is to be taken.

SELF-MURDER

Suspected in the Invalid's Fiery Death—Son Badly Burned.

Mt. Vernon, O.—Mrs. Louisa Wise, aged 82 years, was burned to death at her home. There had been no fire in her room, but when her son burst into the house her body was charred and the bedroom a mass of flames. Mrs. Wise was in the room alone at the time of the accident. She had been an invalid for many years, and her son believes she applied a match to her bedclothing. He was badly burned in seeking to rescue the body.

Too Much Paper Out.

Lorain, O.—An application for a receiver was made for the Lorain & Elyria Ice & Coal Co. Inability to meet paper falling due is given as the cause. The estate of Jacob Krebber, late of Sandusky, was the indorser of the company's paper, and it is at his request that the receiver was appointed. The assets are given at \$30,000 and the liabilities at \$55,000.

L. E. & Y. Incorporated.

Columbus, O.—The Lake Erie & Youngstown Railway Co., with a capital stock of \$100,000 with which to commence business, was incorporated. It is not stated what kind of a road will be operated, but the termini will be at Conneaut and Youngstown.

Used a Strap.

Toledo, O.—Frederick Navarre, lumber carrier, aged 56, committed suicide by hanging himself with a strap in a woodshed in the rear of his home. It is said the man was demented.

Railway Agent Missing.

Toledo, O.—Frank Kiley, soliciting agent of the T. & O. C. railway, has been missing from home. It is said he speculated at local bucket shops, and as a result left, owing friends upward of \$7,000 borrowed money. His wife fears he may have committed suicide.

Sale of Bonds.

Springfield, O.—Seasongood & May, of Cincinnati, purchased \$35,000 worth of 4 per cent. 20-year water works bonds for par, accrued interest from March 1 and a premium of \$1,100.

Soap Plant Sold.

Toledo, O.—The plant of the Bell Bros. Soap Co., one of the oldest soap firms in the United States, located here, was sold to the Iowa Soap Co., of Burlington, Ia., for \$30,000. It is said the old plant here will be practically rebuilt.

Readers One Hundred Men Idle.

Sandusky, O.—The plant of the Castalia Portland Cement Co., near here, suffered \$20,000 damage by fire. More than 100 men, who faced the spotted fever epidemic to hold their jobs, are out of employment.

STORM IS OVER

And Licking County Bank Has Satisfied All Depositors.

Newark, O.—The prompt payment of all demands, the appearance of large piles of currency, notwithstanding the withdrawals and the assurance expressed by the directors and by financiers connected with other institutions, have combined to quiet the run on the Licking County Bank and Trust Co., and the friends of the institution are confident that the storm is over.

Officers of all the Newark banks issued a statement assuring the public that the Licking County bank is perfectly safe, and that there is no ground in fact for the rumors which have been circulated as to its condition.

The directors of the Licking made a statement in which they say: "We have enough assets to pay every depositor every dollar and have \$210,000 besides."

ABSENT FROM HOME

For a Week Is the Masury Boy, Believed To Be Kidnaped.

Youngstown, O.—The mysterious disappearance of George Masury, aged 18, the son of the president of the Masury Explosive Co., of Masury, O., has greatly worried his family, and it is believed that he has been kidnaped. He has been absent from home for a week. He attended the Howe military academy at Lima, Ind., and later Kenyon college until it was burned, but he has been at home since December.

SNOOZE ON A HARD BOARD

As a Cure For Laziness Ordered By the Cleveland Judge.

Cleveland, O.—Snoozing on a hard board was prescribed by Judge Addams, of the juvenile court, as a cure for laziness. Amerigo D'Olive, aged 14, was the first victim of the cure. He is an incorrigible lad. The judge turned him over to the sheriff, with instructions to make him sleep on a hard board until he promises to behave.

FIRST WIFE

Prefers Charges of Bigamy Against William White, of Troy, O.

Urbana, O.—William White was arrested in Troy and brought to this city to answer to the charge of bigamy, preferred against him by Maggie White, who married him in 1901, and who now lives in Springfield. Three years later White married Claude May Watson, of this city. The officials have been looking for White ever since last July.

PRAYING

For Recovery of the Husband She Shot Mrs. Avery Died.

Cleveland, O.—Mrs. Lillian Avery, who shot her husband recently when she was slowly dying of malignant cancer caused by her husband striking her when they lived in Chicago, according to her statement, died. Her husband is at a hospital in a precarious condition. Mrs. Avery died praying for his recovery.

Columbus Brewers To Strike.

Columbus, O.—The brewery workers' union issued an ultimatum to the breweries of this city that unless the engineers and firemen in the establishments are placed under their jurisdiction they will stop making the amber fluid. The A. F. of L. has decided that the brewery workers have no control over the craftsmen mentioned.

Braves Extortionists.

Youngstown, O.—Though threatened with the death of her children, Mrs. Joseph Webster, of Niles, O., refused to pay the \$500 tribute demanded of her in a letter which she received a few days ago. It was suggested that Mrs. Webster take the money to Lowellville in a bag, which she is to drop in a lonely spot and then depart.

Reaches Supreme Court.

Columbus, O.—The petition in error in the case of Robert E. Becker and John E. Brockman against Harry A. Freiberg, from the circuit court of Hamilton county, reached the supreme court. The case involves property ordered conveyed to Joseph Freiberg, which was assets of the Robert E. Becker Co.

Who is "Smith?"

Sandusky, O.—Thomas G. Smith, arrested for alleged horse stealing claiming Cincinnati as his home, was released from jail on bond. Edwin F. Vorhees, of Akron, one of the sureties, although reticent, admits Smith is not the young man's right name, and that he comes from a prominent Akron (O.) family.

They Are Expensive.

Hamilton, O.—Milton P. Hirschberger, who broke Policeman Welsh's nose when resisting arrest, was given the limit, 489 days in the Cincinnati workhouse, by Mayor Thomas Hirschberger is an old offender. His parents testified against him.

Shot Monster Loon.

Marysville, O.—Rev. A. E. Harford, pastor of the Methodist church here who is an expert with a shotgun, shot and killed a silver loon, a bird rarely if ever seen in this locality. The bird was three feet long.

Found Oil and Gas.

Brink Haven, O.—The well on the Barnes farm was shot, developing 1,500,000 gasser and 75 barrels of extra high-grade oil. Storage tanks have been ordered for the oil by the Quaker Oil & Gas Co., of Chester, Pa., the developers.

Dividend For Creditors.

Bellevue, O.—Another dividend of 8 per cent. was ordered paid to creditors of the defunct Kenyon bank at Rushsylvania. This makes a total of 18 per cent. which the creditors have received.

TIPS FOR THE BACHELORS.

New Industry in England Called Forth by Modern Conditions.

An excited man announces with an exclamation point that "it appears that the halo-like arrangement which decorates the women of the time is formed by wrapping the hair around a frame!" How much more of their general appearance is created by frame contrivances? he asks of London Truth.

The editor tries to reassure him by saying that while man is necessarily ignorant of the secrets of modern woman's surface composition, this circumstance has produced a new industry which is described in the following letter:

310 Maddox Street, London, W.—Sir: Woman is an expert in marrying; man is not. I propose to enlighten him. For that purpose I have founded the Bachelors' Information Bureau at this address, and I should be much obliged to you if you would announce this circumstance in your letter in next week's issue of the Truth.